

Psychic Rubber Band

(Poems - by Brian Edwards)

Written January, 2018

Trickery of the Sea

Every night.....somewhere

There is a monsoon

Coping with

It's tattered reputation

O' the Philistines

Have come home from the mall

No one here is as tall

As old Paul Bunyan

Peeking through those clouds

Did somebody call out

For brimstone and eggs

My attachment

To the digitized future

Comes and goes

Like a waning tide

But I wouldn't let anyone

Know about these things

Though I write it up

On the teleprompter of my show

I have far to go
To the main stream
Cold stream
Fish filled stream
Of old.....
Radio night in Montana

Didn't I tell you
That some prodigy
Would create
The greatest ice castle ever
Beside the lake

I need a saxophone
To get this telegraph
Across to the moon

O' the trickery of the sea
Is really my own
I transferred it all to film
A cinematic baptism

Of my mind.....island
And spirit

Clarinets in the Ears

I've got that cold night
I don't wanna sing a tune
Flickering light
Going in and out of me
Like some old hymn
I remember.....and then forget

I've got that third story
Haven't seen a morning glory
Come take away my phone
It's done nothing
But make me more distant from the angels
Feeling again

I've got clarinets
In the ears you see

Nobody knew me
Back when I sailed
On that 1950's
Merchant marine ship

We all went our separate ways
I jumped ship in Malaysia
And never looked back again
At capitalism's

Ideal way

To get

To know

Your local ocean

Nobody told me

That it was going to be

A bouquet of daisies

But I was expecting

Porcelain church bells

To ring across the valley

Of morning light

Just Another Day

Just another day
Watching the voices
Kick me down

Just another day
When there's no silence
To be found

Here down on the cold ground
Just another day.....
Of the same

Here down on the cold ground
I hear them calling my name

What's it going to be tonight
Peace or fight?
Sleep of fright?

Where's my island I can run to
Where's my solitude tonight
When the voices keep barging in
Doing the same
Being the same
They've always been

I Haven't Got.....

I haven't got much to say

Two doors.....

Hanging on the hinge

Just coming off a binge

I saw it all get singed

When I got too close

To the Sun's outreaching fire

Take me away

Down to hear the bottle's lies

Galley ships.....

Romanticized

But it was no pear

That myth

Is just a hazy dream

In the smoky bar

Of long ago

As the night's redeemed

From now

Until the first light

The Giza Plateau

A midnight cabaret

Counting the stars

One at a time

Over the county line

Where that old dream

Came back

To show me a truth

That old tin can on the ground

Rusted and weary

It makes no sound

Because it's said

All it has to say

Just another day

Hauling away

To build those pyramids

To build them high

On the Giza Plateau

And I haven't seen it

Snow or rain

Since I came to the Giza Plateau

Just hauling away

For those royal bones

The pharaoh told me so
The pharaoh told me to do it
The pharaoh's got
Those rattlers and asp

And awaits his long journey
On the afterlife path

He's got many priest
To tell him where to go
If he finds himself alone
Out in the desert
Out under a crimson Sun

I'm just hauling away
The day
Out on the Giza Plateau

Every Night

Every night
For me anymore
Is a lonesome shade
Under some pine trees

Pine trees of my youth
Pine trees of the air
Mystical pine trees
Pine trees like obelisk
In St. Peter's Square

Why
Does
This
Memory

Stay open
Like a door

I compare everything to
Those pine trees of yore

Every night
That I was out there
With those trees
And those stars

I saw so many stars

That would never know me

I've seen just as many

Street lights tonight

Counting them all

As electrified missionaries

Of luminance

Illumination that is

Following me

Along the shortest route

From here

To the white cliffs

Of Dover

Aztec Stones

What do you think
Of all of these mornings
Of Aztec stones

They haven't gotten in my way
So I'm not going to.....
Petition a single soul
About them

I'm just going
To let them be

And then maybe they'll grow
Like a garden
That I've always wanted
To hallucinate

It's good to know
That you're not alone
In your pursuit
Of the daydream of Cortez

How many
Golden faces
Made the Conquistadors
Seethe with envy

Yes, that's all

That it is now

An emerald mind light

In a codex

In Europe

In a lovely castle

Something Unclear

Look.....it's just something.....

Unclear

Something unclear

From up in the atmosphere

The stratosphere perhaps

It was already here

When Magellan.....

First stepped on to a boat

It was a real surprise for us

Shining off of Mercury

But for the most part

We go about our lives

We eat.....sing.....and dance

We walk into tall buildings

And along streets

We've never needed

To know about this before

The phenomenon.....

Wasn't bothering us

And if it did

.....well, Soviet Intelligence

Wasn't talking about it anyway

We need moonlight

To bless us in the evening

When we can get it
We need astronauts
To record folk songs
And broadcast them
From up in orbit

What do we really need to know

I'm not sure
That even the President
Can answer this one

It was a relaxing day
I sat in a field
Looked up
At the azure sky
Content and oblivious
Never seeing
What I could not see
But knowing
That it was isotropic
And up there watching
Us playing the part
Of planetary fools

Evil Spirit Blues (pt. 1)

Early morning

Evil spirit blues

They surround me

In the darkness

Throwing lies down

From hot air balloons

Couldn't sleep

Couldn't dream away

The hours

Voices in the wire

Flares drifting down to Earth

I hope they'd understand

Anyone who didn't know

Early morning

Voices barrage

Just counting imagined starts

All afternoon

Monsoon

Of the vocal Inquisition

How many times

They gonna repeat

Trombone in St. Elmo's Fire

Electric troubadour.....

Verse.....of a million.....

Keys to dungeons

Early morning

Voices coming

Like biplanes through the roof

Early morning

Concrete boats

Banging into my door

What's it all have to do

With a Sistine Chapel

And a Roman zoo

Offloading my griefs

In the AM

Voices coming down

In parachutes

Early morning

Rise and shine

And find redemption

In the sky

Chandeliers of Versailles

What is this

Building up of words

And then releasing them

Into the stratosphere of mind

And of dream

How I see

A light composed

Tells my eyes

Certain things

Chandeliers of Versailles

Blown bright

Like a century filled

With flowing emotion

The revolution came

And tore those bricks apart

The glass shattered

The sound it made captured

In portraits of time

Voices from Down Below

I'm hearing them again

Those voices

From deep down below

Yeah.....I'm hearing them again

And I never know

When it's gonna end

You know

They got me thinking low

Drinking low

Feeling low again

That's all I've got to show

Yeah, I'm hearing

Hearing them voices

From down below

Yeah, I'm hearing 'em again

And I just don't know

Where to go

They got me staring at the walls

In the middle of the night

Feeling low again

And that just ain't right

I hear them talking

Talking in the shadows of this room

I hear them talking

Saying they're not gonna go

Anytime soon

It's past that midnight hour

And I've got no one but the Moon to sing to

But the Moon knows my name

And this room gets filled

With the light all the same

The Symmetrical Island

Hearing the voices

.....dispersal

On some

Symmetric

Island

Of

Meters

They shoot out

Like

Full audio

Roman Candles

This is the way

To get

To the land

Of the fairies

Over

The

Nightly

Woods

A haze

Is the gate

To the maze

Inside

Up there

And at each horizon

Voices kingdoms

Their steel towering

Radio instruments

To create spectrums

Of audio travel

Emissaries

Of time's fusion

With sound

I never know about

The palatinate

Of Wyoming

I never know about

The HAM Radio operators

Secret brotherhood

On this side of the moon

Only wine

Can bring us freedom

And here

We go again

About to rotate

To the ballroom

Past the eight o'clock

Veneration

Of the last

Apocryphal television

Cigarettes at Sea

I sailed across the Atlantic

I left from Cadiz

On a Sunday afternoon

In my pocket

I had the royal parchment

From the Queen

The seal unbroken

My commission on papyrus

Words decreed

Of a glaring Iberian monarchy

The gulls flew overhead

Like singing troubadours

I didn't smoke

Any cigarettes

Out at sea

It wasn't like

Those pleasant

Dawn moments

Out on the balcony

I sought the stars

For astrological confirmation

We sailed past the Azores

Full of hallucinated smokestacks

About mid-way into June

We saw

A greenish orb

Rise from the sea

And ever since

A mad cacophony

A Second Sun

Here's a bright path

Gilded

In Apollo's

Radiant kindness

We watched

His chariot

Clear

Olympus

Then become

Like

A

Second

Sun

Brighter than any

Radio telescope

Modernized scripture

Televangelist dream come true

I can see

His suit of armor

Forged

In the atomic furnace

Of creation

.....

Under Star Adorned Heavens in Bogata Night

Give us

Colossal

Cyber affliction

And we will give you

Self-replicating spam bots

In your live-stream

Data-feed

Contraband

CIA guru

Jack Daniels drinking

Bandana wearing

Silhouette

We just wanted amore

On rooftops

Under star adorned heavens

In Bogata night

We will compel

American satellites

To beam

Our underground

Literature manifestos

Back to the Republic

Of the bald eagle

And Minnesota

Moon of eternity

Enrapturing Dissolvement

Give us

Through the window

Enrapturing dissolvement

Of allocated

Fourth dimensional

Genetic psychic

Anomaly

What are we to ask for

But a hundred roses

Strewn across

Our marble threshold

I want

To

Taste

Astral

Wines

Astrology of vineyards

I hold my ear

To the phone

And listen

For the scrying report

Your Destined Proximity

What is

Your destined

Proximity

To Ursa Major

I have yet to embark

From the Pleiades

I've been

In

Love

With

The

Seven

Crystal

Sisters

They listen

To my clarinet

And we dream away

Of old Argos

Tarot Cards in Verona

I saw you

Flipping

Tarot Cards

In Verona

I saw you

Writing a grimoire

On a balcony

In Prague

Under constellations

And the great Crab Nebula

I saw you

Drinking tea

Under Roman clouds

Of graceful memory

I'll meet up with you again

In Zurich

And we'll talk about

The beautiful

Ascension

Of

Our

Astral minds

The Vicious Crowds

Why do they call out to me

The vicious crowds

Of gladiator arenas

I hear them

Every night

When the old grandfather clock

Breaks down

The door

To the portal

Where the empire's masses

Roar and resurrect

Their festivals of wine

And sport to the death

Unless

A

Thumbs up

From the one

They call

Caesar

Swallowed By My Void

At the end
Of the road
I saw
My own void
Open its eyes
And prepare
To swallow me whole

Voids
Can be so indifferent
They can fester inside
Silent
For a quarter century

And then one day
They take you out
Right there on the road

But you'll see it coming
And recognize
What you've carried with you
All of these years
Entwined with your bones
And your mirrored reflection

A Plateau of Snow

A voice

Was not my choice

As a way

To be haunted

Monsoons

And balloons

In Cincinnati

I'll forget about

All of them woes

Of my tired weary mind

Just back

From wandering

On a plateau

Of snow

And ice

And discarded

Soviet antennas

There to repose

And return

To the dust

The Politburo Night

Ha !

Your trombone

Struck a chord

In the Politburo night

Fixated on banners

Of streaming red

Who am I

To masquerade

As a solitary soul

Remembering

A dust bowl

When I drove

That old clunker

Into

The Minotaur's arms

Manifesto of Oceans

Yes

I have always had

Misgivings about

The loudspeaker form

Of indoctrination

I saw the noble

Banner on the wall

Full of destined

Direction

Towards a feast of time

I became a comrade

And chose to live the life

Of a submariner

In

The

South

China

Sea

But don't

Take it from me

Read your own

Manifesto

Of oceans

Tick.....Tock

Tick.....tock

The clock

Has opened my mind

To full moon

Destiny

Of

Blues

Grey ships

In the grey fog

In the grey

Smog

NEW YORK CITY

Metropolitan

Renaissance

Alive

Fill us full

Of

A

Thousand

Serenities

Frying Pan

Frying pan

Talking

Giving me

The straight dope

Not fake news

That news is the blues

What is it?

Is monarchy restored?

Turns out

King George

Had an heir

Who came across

The air

And put his throne

In my home

Now I've got Red Coats

Sitting

On

My

Furniture

All day

Type It

Type it

What you think

What you see

Type it

What

Flows

Through

Thee

Like a river

Of electric

Alchemy

Type it

Bring it into reality

Bring it into
A world
Of blue skies

Type it
And set it free
In the world

To navigate
The imaginings
Between us

Pie in the Window

Put the pie
On the windowsill

And pray
For rain

We only want
Cherokee moons

And blissful
Apache plains

Go out

And lay down

In the Sun

And feel

The Earth

Seep into

Your

Consciousness

And let it

Take you home

River of Night

Where is the river

Of night

When I seek it

The electric company

Could sure use

More ladders

There are things

That only the moon

Can show us

And it does so

Through

Cinematography

Just feel it

So freely

It's truly there.....

The pale

Radiant light effect

Of angels

I Came Down from the Mountains

I want

Your serenity

Poised

To take command

The summer Sun

Beams through me

Like a Pulsar

I'm free

And full of trombone

Chiseled in stone

Revelation

I came down

From the mountains

Into the valley

To tell it to all

Who will gather

And listen

To the rhyme
